dining area. I'd follow with one and a half bags of potatoes, the peeler, a knife for halving the larger spuds, and a cutting board. Then he'd start.

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Adam joked that he used to be an actor, a porn star. He was "Buck Naked." The sweat was dripping off him. I bet he wished he was naked right then. He didn't want to drip in the mashed potatoes. I said I'd just get off on it. He said he was thinking of the tenants. I said they'd get off on it too.

He wiped his forehead with one of the brown paper towels from the dispenser. He folded the paper towel and stuck it to his forehead with the sweat of his brow. He wore it like a visor. A volunteer said he looked "so sexy" like that.

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The manager started to use paper towels for napkins after she "restructured" the housekeeper. They were hard on the skin, but cheaper than the white napkins the cook bought. The dispenser was the one that, unable to think of anything useful to do one midnight shift, Babs had nailed to one of the cupboard doors. She probably thought that if a man could do it, she could do it better. It stuck out so far you couldn't use the counter beneath it. When you opened the